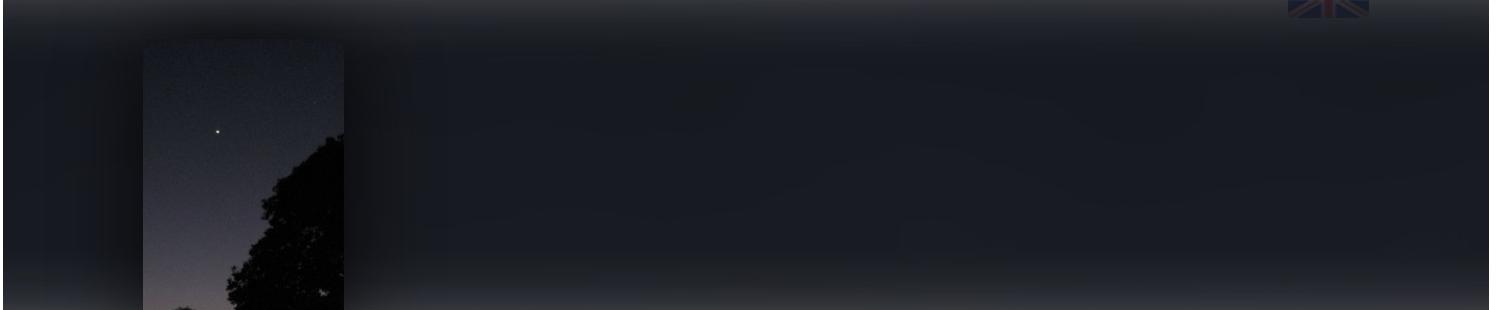




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# Night Sky



# Chapter 1 by özlem

There is only one little white dot in the middle of dark navy night sky. I'm looking at the little dot without blinking, trying to understand whether it is a star or an airplane.

Chapter 2 by Ji Won Kim



Perhaps it's not a star nor an airplane. Perhaps I fell asleep on the couch while looking out the window and everything is a pleasant dream. Perhaps in that celestial sphere, the tiny, silver speck is the child in me that still aspires to blow seeds off of each and every dandelion globe I see. The child that still hopes to become an astronaut and fly to the moon and beyond.

Perhaps it's my soul. My spiritual entity that holds my physical being. The soul that holds my memories of good and bad, the best and worst. The soul that longs to be with another just for the sake of company,

## Chapter 3 by Samantha



Perhaps this magical star never really existed. Perhaps it is just a very realistic figment of my imagination,. Perhaps the night sky is as black as it has ever been and my mind is creating

Although this species of light seems See more of Story Wars [Want to contact me for help?](#)  
could be filled with hope, it's time to face the cold and unfeeling  
just to feed my writing habit.

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evening I went outside to see if the speck was still there. Obviously it wasn't and I turned off the light just in time to see and equally as bright light shining my way.

I grabbed my robe and ran in the direction that I saw the light coming from and when I arrived, I discovered that my theories were right; there were aliens and they had just landed on earth because of MY signal! What I didn't know was weather the aliens were friendly or not. As I approached the UFO, I still had no idea but I was bound to find out!

## Chapter 4 by VoxxyBRZ



"What should we do, Doctor?"

"I'm not sure if he's having a hallucination, drug induced possibly, or if he's just a schizophrenic and had been purposely left in that remote location he was discovered in."

"I've checked his vitals, blood pressure high but expected. Pulse up there too, and no apparent injury, clot or physical condition to explain what is going on. Not really reacting to pain stimuli, and I'm not sure if the mumbling is in response to me or even english for that matter. Except, when I use my penlight to check dilation of his pupils, most peculiar thing. Watch this, Doctor." the nurse repeatedly passed the bright light over the eye she held open and even the doctor was at a loss.

"I'm not sure he's aware of his surroundings, I think the light may be causing some unwanted effects. Let's see what his neurons show us and what part of his brain is functioning when you dance the light around with a CAT scan." the doctor ordered as he stride towards his office door to have his next appointments rescheduled.

The doctor thought to himself, "this really could be useful, if no one claims to be responsible for him...I have a test subject finally. A HUMAN test subject for my unethical and forbidden experiment"

## Chapter 5 by intellikat



"I'm not sure if he's having a hallucination, drug induced possibly, or if he's just a schizophrenic and had been purposely left in that remote location he was discovered in."

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"Damm!" muttered the doctor

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"...but knock yourself out", continued the squeaky voice, "He's always been a pain in the arse anyway".

Evil Doctor McDeath looked around for the source of the voice and started as a pale yellow marmoset winked at him - yes it was definitely a wink - and turned to head back into my jacket pocket.

I've had that bloody marmoset for more than 20 years and yet even now, the scraggy little mammal still finds a way to undermine my fragile self-esteem. Poxy talking primates; and when I started my PhD, it seemed such a cool idea.

## Chapter 7 by VoxxyBRZ



One nurse, who managed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, was stunned and frozen where she still had yet to put down her right foot completely. Her own exhale made her keenly aware that she was momentarily beyond what is considered to be automaton, what she does without thinking, without hesitation like all the other times she was required to retrieve this or that from the supply cabinets. Slowly, she brought her foot down, silently begging her squeaky-nurse-white shoes to have some restraint and some poise in such a delicate situation.

The doctor continued his very determined gait that was somehow laced with a hint of unease with each stridelfall.

He didn't see her, or he didn't feel she was worth his attention and was more wrapped up in his own holier-than-thou state of being.

Talking to his pocket? Or something much more...unfounded?

No self-respecting doctor, one working in such specialized fields and with the accreditations and awards displayed for all to see, for all to be forced into the unappealing and dispised conversation regarding what seems to be the determining factor in just how high his pedestal is. Obvious vocal denotes give away his underlying but far more personally gratifying comments. He makes numerous seemingly innocent remarks but always poisoned just enough

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The nurse decided to ask a few questions about, the marmoset, wasn't that it? Unrelated to anything going on at that future moment, but her queries coated with the curious nature only found in children. Children who perhaps, asks the one question that everyone knows the answer and tries to keep their composure as they explain the embarrassing answer without really clarifying a thing.

## Chapter 8 by Brock Thompson



"How are babies made?" The nurse called after Evil Doctor McDeath, following in the footsteps of the aforementioned children.

Doctor McDeath slowly turned around, taking his hand out of his pocket with a confused, incredulous look on his mousy face.

"You're a fucking nurse with blonde hair. You should have an extensive knowledge of how babies are made," Doctor McDeath snarled. "Now, if you don't mind, I have to perform immoral experiments on this innocent victim."

**the end**

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